

She would sooner confesse, perchance publicly she'll be ashamed.

Enter Duke, Prouost, Isabella.

Esc. I will goe darkely to worke with her.
Luc. That's the way: for women are light at mid-night.

Esc. Come on Mistris, here's a Gentlewoman, Denies all that you haue said.

Luc. My Lord, here comes the rascall I spoke of, Here, with the Prouost.

Esc. In very good time: speake not you to him, till we call vpon you.

Luc. Mum.

Esc. Come Sir, did you set these women on to slander Lord Angelo? they haue confel'd you did.

Duk. 'Tis false.

Esc. How? Know you where you are?

Duk. Respect to your great place; and let the diuell Be sometime honour'd, for his burning throne. Where is the Duke? 'tis he should heare me speake.

Esc. The Duke's in vs: and we will heare you speake, Look you speake mildly.

Duk. Boldly, at least. But oh poore soules, Come you to seeke the Lamb here of the Fox; Good night to your redresse: Is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too: The Duke's vniust, Thus to retort your manifest Appeale, And put your triall in the villaines mouth, Which here you come to accuse.

Luc. This is the rascall: this is he I spoke of.

Esc. Why thou vnreuerend, and vnhalloved Fryer: Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women, To accuse this worthy man? but in foule mouth, And in the witness of his proper eare, To call him villaine; and then to glance from him, To th' Duke himselfe, to take him with Injustice? Take him hence; to th' racke with him: we'll towze you Ioynt by ioynt, but we will know his purpose: What? vniust?

Duk. Be not so hot: the Duke dare No more stretch this finger of mine, then he Dare racke his owne: his Subiect am I not, Nor here Prouinciall: My businesse in this State Made me a looker on here in Vienna, Where I haue seene corruption boyle and bubble, Till it ore-run the Stew: Lawes, for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes Stand like the forfeites in a Barbers shop, As much in mocke, as marke.

Esc. Slander to th' State:

Away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell vs of?

Luc. 'Tis he, my Lord: come hither Goodman bald-pate, doe you know me?

Duk. I remember you Sir, by the sound of your voice, I met you at the Prison, in the absence of the Duke.

Luc. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what you said of the Duke.

Duk. Most notably Sir.

Luc. Do you so Sir: And was the Duke a flesh-monger, a foole, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?

Duk. You must (Sir) change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you indeede spoke so of him, and

much more; much worse.

Luc. Oh thou damnable fellow: did not I plucke thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duk. I protest, I loue the Duke, as I loue my selfe.

Ang. Harke how the villaine would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Esc. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withall: Away with him to prison: Where is the Prouost? away with him to prison: lay bolts enough vpon him: let him speake no more: away with those Giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duk. Stay Sir, stay a while.

Ang. What, resists he? helpe him Lucio.

Luc. Come sir, come sir, come sir: foh sir, why you bald-pated lying rascall: you must be hooded must you? show your knaues visage with a poxe to you: show your sheepe-biting face, and be hang'd an houre: will't not off?

Duk. Thou art the first knaue, that ere mad'st a Duke. First Prouost, let me bayle these gentle three:

Sneake not away Sir, for the Fryer, and you, Must haue a word anon: lay hold on him.

Luc. This may proue worse then hanging.

Duk. What you haue spoke, I pardon: sit you downe, We'll borrow place of him; Sir, by your leaue: Ha'st thou or word, or wit, or impudence, That yet can doe thee office? If thou ha'st Rely vpon it, till my tale be heard, And hold no longer out.

Ang. Oh, my dread Lord, I should be guiltier then my guiltinesse, To thinke I can be vndiscernable, When I perceiue your grace, like powre diuine, Hath look'd vpon my passes. Then good Prince, No longer Session hold vpon my shame, But let my Triall, be mine owne Confession: Immediate sentence then, and sequent death, Is all the grace I beg.

Duk. Come hither Mariana, Say: was't thou ere contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was my Lord.

Duk. Goe take her hence, and marry her instantly. Doe you the office (Fryer) which consummate, Returne him here againe: goe with him Prouost. Exit.

Esc. My Lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonor, Then at the strangenesse of it.

Duk. Come hither Isabella,

Your Fryer is now your Prince: As I was then Aduertysing, and holy to your businesse, (Nor changing heart with habit) I am still, Attuned at your seruice.

Isab. Oh giue me pardon

That I, your vassalle, haue imploid, and pain'd Your vnknowne Soueraigntie.

Duk. You are pardon'd Isabella:

And now, deere Maide, be you as free to vs. Your Brothers death I know fits at your heart: And you may maruaile, why I obscur'd my selfe, Labouring to saue his life: and would not rather Make rash remonstrance of my hidden powre, Then let him so be lost: oh most kinde Maid, It was the swift celestie of his death, Which I did thinke, with flower foot came on, That brain'd my purpose: but peace be with him, That life is better life past fearing death, Then that which liues to feare: make it your comfort, So

So happy is your Brother.

Enter Angelo, Maria, Peter, Prouost.

Isab. I doe my Lord.

Duk. For this new-married man, approaching here, Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd Your well defended honor: you must pardon For Mariana's sake: But as he adiudg'd your Brother, Being criminall, in double violation Of sacred Chastitie, and of promise-breach, Thereon dependant for your Brothers life, The very mercy of the Law cries out Most audible, euen from his proper tongue. An Angelo for Claudio, death for death: Haste still paises haste, and leasure, answers leasure; Like doth quit like, and Measure still for Measure: Then Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested; Which though thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage. We doe condemne thee to the very Blocke Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with like haste. Away with him.

Mar. Oh my most gracious Lord, I hope you will not mocke me with a husband?

Duk. It is your husband mock't you with a husband, Consenting to the safe-guard of your honor, I thought your marriage fit: else Imputation, For that he knew you, might reproach your life, And choake your good to come: For his Possessions, Although by confiscation they are ours; We doe en-state, and widow you with all, To buy you a better husband.

Mar. Oh my deere Lord,

I craue no other, nor no better man.

Duk. Neuer craue him, we are definitiue.

Mar. Gentle my Liege.

Duk. You doe but loose your labour.

Away with him to death: Now Sir, to you.

Mar. Oh my good Lord, sweet Isabella, take my part, Lend me your knees, and all my life to come, I'll lend you all my life to doe you seruice.

Duk. Against all fence you doe importune her, Should the kneele downe, in mercie of this fact, Her Brothers ghost, his pained bed would breake, And take her hence in horror.

Mar. Isabella:

Sweet Isabella, doe yet but kneele by me, Hold vp your hands, say nothing: I'll speake all. They say best men are moulded out of faults, And for the most, become much more the better For being a little bad: So may my husband. Oh Isabella: will you not lend a knee?

Duk. He dies for Claudio's death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir,

Looke if it please you, on this man condemn'd, As if my Brother liu'd: I partly thinke, A due sinceritie governed his deedes, Till he did looke on me: Since it is so, Let him not die: my Brother had but Iustice, In that he did the thing for which he dide. For Angelo, his A&t did not ore-take his bad intent, And must be buried but as an intent That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subiects Intents, but merely thoughts.

Mar. Meerely my Lord.

Duk. Your suite's vnprofitable: stand vp I say: I haue bethought me of another fault.

Prouost. how came it Claudio was beheaded

At an vnusuall howre?

Pro. It was commanded so.

Duk. Had you a speciall warrant for the deed?

Pro. No my good Lord: it was by priuate message.

Duk. For which I doe discharge you of your office, Giue vp your keyes.

Pro. Pardon me, noble Lord,

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not, Yet did repent me after more aduice, For testimony whereof, one in the prison That should by priuate order else haue dide, I haue referu'd aliue.

Duk. What's he?

Pro. His name is Barnardine.

Duk. I would thou hadst done so by Claudio: Goe fetch him hither, let me looke vpon him.

Esc. I am sorry, one so learned, and so wise As you, Lord Angelo, haue stil appear'd, Should slip so grosselie, both in the heat of bloud And lacke of temper'd iudgement afterward.

Ang. I am forrie, that such sorrow I procure, And so deepe sticks it in my penitent heart; That I craue death more willingly then mercy, 'Tis my deseruing, and I doe entreat it.

Enter Barnardine and Prouost, Claudio, Julietta.

Duk. Which is that Barnardine?

Pro. This my Lord.

Duk. There was a Friar told me of this man. Sirha, thou art said to haue a stubborne soule That apprehends no further then his world, And squar'st thy life according: Thou'rt condemn'd, But for those earthly faults, I quit them all, And pray thee take this mercie to prouide For better times to come: Friar aduise him, I leaue him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Pro. This is another prisoner that I sau'd, Who should haue di'd when Claudio lost his head, As like almost to Claudio, as himselfe.

Duk. If he be like your brother, for his sake Is he pardon'd, and for your louelie sake Giue me your hand, and say you will be mine, He is my brother too: But fitter time for that: By this Lord Angelo perceiues he's safe, Methinkes I see a quickning in his eye: Well Angelo, your euill quits you well. Looke that you loue your wife: her worth, worth yours I finde an apt remission in my selfe: And yet heere's one in place I cannot pardon, You sirha, that knew me for a foole, a Coward, One all of Luxurie, an asse, a mad man: Wherein haue I so deseru'd of you That you extoll me thus?

Luc. Faith my Lord, I spoke it but according to the trick: if you will hang me for it you may: but I had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duk. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.

Proclaime it Prouost round about the Citie; If any woman wrong'd by this lewd fellow (As I haue heard him sweare himselfe there's one whom he begot with childe) let her appeare, And he shall marry her: the nuptiall finish'd, Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Luc. I beseech your Highnesse doe not marry me to a Whore: your Highnesse said euen now, I made you a Duke, good my Lord do not recompence me, in making me a Cuckold.

Duk. Vpon